

APA-FILK

#35

1 AUG. 1987

GOD SAVE
THE QUEEN!

///

THESE YANKS
ARE BALMY!*



Frank Black 1987



*These Americans
are crazy!

SPECIAL
(ANASFI) WORLDCON
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JERSEY FLATS #12August 1987
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Something's amiss with APA-Filk. Either people are too busy to write, or they're just dropping off the register. I feel like I'm chatting with John, Mark, and Charlie, and I do that at every Con we go to. Let's hear it out there!

CONVENTION REPORTS:

MediaWest Con is usually good for filking...unless, as happened this year, you have the sort of hacking cough that leaves you feeling like the last act of "Camille". In my case, I was dressed up as "Lee", the character played by Robert Vaughn in "The Magnificent Seven", and a few people mistook me for Doc Holliday in the throes of his Fatal Consumption. The costume worked though: I was acting as a sort of living accessory for Winston Howlett, who was in full Victorian drag as "Lady Samantha Ellington"...he won the Hall Costume Prize for 'Most Original', and was gracious enough to share the credit with me.

I managed to get through one set of Concert Filk, with the aid of Halls Mentholyptus cough drops (this is a recommendation, by the way, although every singer has his/her own nostrum that he/she swears by for throat fatigue)...but my voice was down for the rest of the weekend...to the point where I was a throaty Southern dialectician, because that's the only way I could get a sound out! One of my oldest friends in Fandom passed me twice and didn't recognize me...now THAT's a good costume!

The Creation Con in June was the usual zoo....only I decided to vary my 5-minute-filk to "Girl-Watchers' Guide to Star Wars" instead of the Expurgated Version of "Banned From Argo".

Shore Leave...*sigh*. A strange Convention for me, full of hassles and missed opportunities...In the first place, I couldn't GET there until very late Friday night, because I had to work all day Friday. And in the rush to pack I forgot one crucial object...my suitcase! Now, I suppose one could go through a hot summer weekend on one pair of pants or one skirt, but NOT one bra, one pair of panties and one shirt! So I had to do a quick run into the local Bradlees for emergency underwear...and that put us an hour behind schedule. Got in LATE, but not as late as I thought...just in time to catch some of Julia Ecklar's filking. Saturday was a madhouse, Sunday was a morgue. Sunday was also full of thundershowers, all the way up the Atlantic Coast...they seemed to follow us home. I did get to filk a little on Saturday night... After the Costume Call/Masquerade...at which, once again, I covered myself with glory.

Actually, this is the first time I've won for someone else's concept and costume. Jean Ellenbacher came up with the idea: two weird-looking critters (her and Andrea Cenci, in black cover-alls, silver breast-plates, and wings...a cross between a turtle and a bat) and the owner (me, in a pink satin mini-skirt, several yards of purple silk georgette draped here and there, and an incredible object on my head and shoulders that can only be described as an old-fashioned rose trellis). I minced on, let the two critters make goo-goo at the judges, and carolled out "Walkies!" in the best Barbara Woodhouse manner. I then hooked on a couple of dog-leashes, and away we went...HUGE laugh, and another trophy to Jean, who deserved it. She was gluing the damned costume together most of Saturday!

NY-Clone...AH! NY-Clone wants to be LunaCon, and given about ten more years it might be...as it is, I go with a "what-the-hell" attitude. I've paid my installment on The Infernal Machine, I've got two more Creation Cons this summer, it's a cheap hotel, I'm not eating any more than I ordinarily would, and a table was at a reduced rate because I was an Official Guest. (So were almost everyone else there...or Staff.)

So I sat in the Dealer's Room (right in front of the door) and did needlepoint (almost finished the Native American Unicorn that I'm showing at WorldCon) and I got a rare chance to SMOF with Robert Aspirin (got his & Lynn Abbey's autographs on my "Thieves' World" filk, and gave him a swap copy of my tape with it on)/....I also sat on the panel on Filking with John & Bob (NAME-DROPPER! First sign of terminal SMOF!)

Of course there were the usual hassles...like, flat tires in the hotel parking lot, overloaded car, and a lovelorn daughter whose beau showed up unexpectedly, changing her plans in mid-Con. But if asked, I'd go again...hey, I need a Ser-Con in the middle of the summer (like Reagan needs some more military advisors!).

My Con plans now include the next ~~two~~ Creation Cons and World-Con, so my next APA-Filk will contain my Annual World Con Report....

FAMILY AFFAIRS:

Miriam is now settled happily in San Francisco, in an apartment she shares with three gentlemen who will never do her harm (wrong sex). They look after her like a batch of Jewish Mothers, which is sort of what they are. She's gainfully employed at a very classy travel agency in the middle of the city, she's fallen in love with the place, and she may or may not officially GAFIATE...she's considered herself out of Fandom for years (until someone calls her, of course...)

Louise is still bopping about. She's now attending NSFS at Washington Square on Thursday nights...when she isn't with her current friend. Louise's love-life is a matter of Fannish record....

Shirley is working on several projects. Now that we have The Infernal Machine, we tend to USE it...so there's BEYOND #8, and REC-ROOM RHYMES #5 and a number of small chap-books that we're working on for WorldCon....

SHAMELESS PLUGS:

REC-ROOM RHYMES #5 is almost ready, as soon as Jean gives me the last five illos so that I can paginate, and see if I can fit a "Backscratching" page into it... Price has been set at \$3.50 by hand, \$4.50 by mail. I'm taking orders now...It's got filks by me, and Greg Baker, and a few newcomers, like Judd Hollander and Gayle Puhl, and Mara Brenner (who's not new to the West Coast, but new to me).

Filkindex is still in Sourdough Jackson's computer. We're going to try to get it out by the end of October, but between the Jewish Holidays and various family events (my sister is going to have a Bris and a Bar Mitzvah in the same week...Don't Ask!) we might run into printing difficulties. And if the Infernal Machine gets Infernal again, there may be yet another delay. We set price ONLY when we see just how big this sucker is going to be!

RESPONSES TO OTHER PEOPLE:

Mark: Thanx for the invite.. I really did have a good time, in spite of the kvetching.

Harold: I suppose I should have known you'd hook up with Steven Zwanger at Princeton...he and Louise have been buddies since Junior High School

ROBERTA'S OUTRAGEOUS OPINIONS:

While we were filking, at NY-Clone on Friday night, something came up...what had started as a "Pick, Pass, or Play" Bardic circle degenerated into the Aspirin/Rogow "Can you top this?" game, with Asbjornsen and Feld getting licks in now and again. And I tried to top a "Dorsai" song with "Conan the Vulgarian", which meant the "Limerick Song"...and it turned out that it was one of the Midwest Clichés...but none of the East Coasters had ever heard it!

I cannot reproduce some of the tongue-twisters (not dirty, just difficult to articulate at 1:30 AM), but they were hilarious. And Aspirin couldn't believe we hadn't heard them...because, apparently, they were so overdone in the Midwest that no one dared sing them any more.

Which leads to the observation that there are clichés and there are clichés...and something that we consider hackneyed and stale isn't stale to someone who's never heard it, the classic case being "Banned From Argo", which is such a chestnut that it doesn't get sung at filksings, while the Neos all clamor for it...because it's the only one they know!

Another fun thing that's been going on is variations on "Never Set Frank Hayes On Fire"... Claire Maier has one, and Charlse Asbjornesn has one...and they are all about the West Coast filkers, because that's where the Off-Centaur Group IS, and they're the ones people know about...but what about us pariahs here on the Atlantic Seaboard?

Another point raised at the panel on Filking (Me, Aspirin, Boardman) had to do with performance and presentation...and whether filking should be classed as performance, or should it go back to "guitars and beer in the back room". All of which has been hashed over pretty thoroughly in the pages of APA-Filk, and others.

FILKS IN PROGRESS:

For some mad reason, although I loathe the show "Blake's Seven", the characters have started worming their way into my sub conscious. So I have a couple of "B 7" filks in RRR #5...Also a couple of filks for C.J. Cherry's new "joint universe", Merovingen Nights...She's printed some of Leslie Fish's filks in that one.

MEROVINGEN NIGHTS (a scrap...not yet finished) (to "Moscow Nights")

Rat and Rif sing songs down in vile cafés,
Try to help the poor in their plight;
They have sacks of seeds
of Poison-eating weeds,
Sown on dark Merovingen Nights.

Old Black Cal patrols all the bridges there,
Keeps an eye on all of the fights
But when Rif's at play
He'll look the other way,
On those dark Merovingen Nights.

Read the book to understand what the Hell I'm talking about.

UPCOMING TAPES:

I'm thinking of doing a fourth tape (as soon as I've finished paying for the last one)...to be called "People, Places and Things", and to include a lot of miscellaneous stuff that's fallen into the cracks, or gotten lost or whatever. Jean Ellenbacher will do back-up vocals again. I really want to put together five or six people to do "The Fannish Orchestra" on this one, but I will have to co ordinate it so that all five (or six) get to Fair Lawn at the same time...Anyone interested, contact me about it...

HISTORICAL TRIVIA:

At NY-Clone a discussion was held as to the origin of the term "Green Room". It is a piece of theatrical lore that dates as far as the 13th Century. David Garrick, actor/manager of the Drury Lane Theater, wanted a place where the actors could meet the public while decently clad, instead of in the dressing rooms, where they were seen "en deshabbille". So he had a special room appointed and

had it furnished like the parlor of a prosperous household and fashionably painted the walls green. Ever since when, the room where actors gather before going onstage, or to meet the public has been called the Green Room ... and the term has carried over into television. The Green Room may or may not be green in fact, but Theatrical Tradition carries on...and on...and on!

FALL PLANS:

After I get back from England I've got the annual Jewish Marathon of holiday services...and I won't be doing another Con until November, when I go to three of them in a row: B.A.S.H., PhilCon, and Thanksgiving Creation...which is going to be Hell on Wheels from the point of view of logistics, unless I can wangle a way NOT to have to work that weekend...

MOVIE REVIEW:

"Spaceballs". GO SEE IT! It's an unqualified howl!

MAY THE SCHWARTZ BE WITH YOU.....

Roberta Rogaw

TAKING NOTES
intended for APA-FILK 34
by Mistie M. Joyce
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Three months again, and not so good ones this time. Well, that's actually two unremarkable months and one of total panic. My diabetes suddenly showed up in my eyes - without, of course, breaking my record of never having normal diabetic complications.

I've apparently got poor circulation in a part of my right retina (it figures, that's my good eye), resulting in a large area where vision is fuzzy, and a smaller area where vision is blanked out. The opthamologist says that it 'may reverse' itself - he hasn't quoted any numbers though, so I'm not going to hold my breath.

I'd been working on two songs (Faded Sun trilogy and Elfquest, and neither of them going very fast), and haven't written a word on them for the past 4 weeks. Instead, I've been doing silly lines like:

I am a patient patient of the modern science medical
My treatments have been animal and vegetable and mineral
I've sat through every test they could conceivably subject me to
From specialties diverse and esoteric and completely new.
Every day I take my pills, a rainbow bright and colorful
And wash them down with noxious liquids 'till I have a stomach-full.

That is NOT based on current reality. Something like that happened about eight years ago when I had a similar, but unrelated (and never completely solved), problem in the othereye - this time, at least they think they know what the problem is.

Other than that, life has been pretty uneventful. I'm heading into finals right now, with summer school coming up fast, and next semester right behind. I have plans afoot to get to Baycon, which will be a welcome change of pace. The cat hasn't gotten sick lately, which is kind of him.

Of more than local note is local filker JANE MAILANDER, who has just won first prize in the Writers of the Future contest. The anthology in which her story will appear won't be published until next year, but she's already been paid and so we can now call her a 'feelthy pro'.

She also found out, almost by accident, that a copy of her poem writtem for the Challenger tragedy (titled 'Seven Stars', it can be found on Off-Centaur's Challenger Memorial tape) was taped up to the shuttle display at the L.A. Museum of Science and Industry.

WAVERING HARMONY

JOHN: It is amazing that APA-FILK had enough material to need some of it postponed! I hope this is the small beginnings of a trend.

ct Harold Groot: A humanity which is "as normal, integrated, and sane as the one we have today." is not saying all that much. Any halfway decent author can do quite a bit better than current reality! Maybe some of those elements of humanity don't exist yet - I don't think I've ever seen a listing of what all of them are supposed to be. There's what, fourteen of them?

ct Mark Blackman: Lee Gold once confused a gaming party by giving them an important piece of information in a poem with some of the line endings left off --and left it to the party to discover that the poem was in triplets, rather than quatrains.

MATTHEW MARCUS: There is at least one song about playing FRP. "And the Fans Sang 'You Bash the Barog'", by, I think, John Platt and Rob Rose.

ROBERTA: I finally finished a couple of L.A. verses for 'Hotel Search'. I think L.A. needs more than two, but this is all I've come up with so far.

Los Angeles is the great sprawling amoeba
From oceans to mountains to desert it flows
And somewhere inside there are many conventions
But the longer you search, well, the larger it grows

And when you fly in to the L.A.X. airport
You'll find the convention is miles away
In Anaheim, Burbank, or in Pasadena
San Diego to 'Frisco, it's all called L.A.

(leftover comments) There are two performance groups in Southern Cal, though one is more folk-oriented than filk. There's the L.A. Filkharmonics, who do mostly funny (absolutely hilarious!) media stuff. They have three books and a tape out, and appear on various convention tapes. And there's another group I can't remember the name of that includes Karen Wilson, Karen Jolley, Chris Weber, and Carl Hylin, that does a lot of Karen Wilson's songs (beautiful, mostly fantasy-oriented) and a lot of old folk (Childe ballad-type).

MARGARET: The Gazette job sounds interesting. Since I'm now in three APAs, my typing speed has increased a bit. I don't know if I'd qualify as a 'typist' yet, though. Quilting? Envious sighs. Crochet is my own forte.

CHARLES: Quite impressive!

ct Harold Groot: Does it really matter what the mead is, as long as it's sufficiently alcoholic? // Can't remember the tune to "Happy Together"? Aaargh! I'm surrounded by children! (Anyone who lived through those years COULDN'T forget that tune, not after hearing it played night and day and night and day ...)

ct Mark: But you remember Ballad of the Green Berets "quite well"? I take that back.

ct John: Given that the 'e' on your typewriter was more like a solid 'o', I think John should be forgiven, as long as he doesn't do it again.

No chords is a practice that should be outlawed. Just think of it as 'an exercise for the student'. (Which should also be outlawed.)

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

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Greetings Dept: Hello again. Sorry I missed the last APA-Filk, but the never ending pressures of school work saving the world from destruction naturally make for some delays. BTW, thanks to everyone who answered my Nostor question.

Comments Dept:

Anakreon/ John Boardman- I'faith, the number of verses to TROTR grow without number! Nice covers on 32 and 33. (AAARGH! They had it in the bag!) Congrats on knowing the source for Dahlquist.

Isoscan #4/ Matthew Marcus- Great song. You missed the elevators from Sirius Cybernetic Corp:

"The elevators were quite a treat
The way they talked was really neat
(switch to elevator voice)
This elevator is malfunctioning,
This elevator is malfunctioning."

Does everything electric in Atlanta talk? Is there a real city 'Atlanta' or is it just the Ted Turner Shopping Mall complex?

\$in\$piel/Mark Blackman- Odd that you didn't see me, I was at the filk both nights. Charlie and I tried to do the 'Happy Family' but couldn't get the tune right. Other helpful hint: I wore a baseball cap that looks like another life form.

Taking Notes/Mistie Joyce- There must be something about orgo that causes people to miss apa deadlines. The same thing happened to me last fall. Congratulations on your song.

The Verse Adder Strikes Again/Charles Asbornsen- Loved the 'Sounds of Fencing'. I sang it for my brother when he switched from foil to sabre. You missed a great opportunity to sing 'the Happy Family' at Boskone. At 4 a.m. we switched to the good stuff.

Boskone Report: All of you who missed Boskone, for shame! (Clippercon or plague are the only acceptable excuses.) The filking talent was excellent and in abundance. I won't even try to list everyone who was there, as my knowledge of names is terrible and I am sure to leave someone out. There was a filking concert on Saturday night with: TJ Burnside, Jordan Kare, Bill Roper, Mercedes Lackey, and Leslie Fish. (not in that order.) Unfortunately, Leslie had a cold from journeying to the frozen tundra of my dear home town and couldn't finish her set. (She also had to compete against the organ they were tuning for the 'Hunchback'.)

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

Complaint Dept:

Boskone does not seem to be taking Filking very seriously. Bardic filking was given two small rooms and group filking was given one. The room I was in was filled to capacity when I arrived, and more people came in after me. On top of that, Spencer said that the con had not paid for the filkers in the concert, that the concert was made possible by private contributions. The worst, however, was the shortage of anything drinkable. The Concom only allocated a few cases to filking, and these had to be split between group and bardic. There weren't even water pitchers! The question is, how can we get the concom to take filking seriously? I plan to write a letter complaining about this to NESFA, and I urge anyone else who feels the same way to write one as well.

Requests Dept:

Does anyone know what kind of filking there will be at Conspiracy? Will anyone reading this be at Conspiracy? If yes, look for me. I will using the opportunity to introduce my parents to fandom.

New Filk Dept:

On Friday night at Boskone, TJ sang 'Lullaby for a Weary World'. she prefaced her performance with something like: 'Gee, no one has ever done a parody of any of my songs. I wish someone would.' Careful what you wish for, you may get it!

Lullaby for a Weary Filk

By: Harold Feld and Rebecca Pearlman

Tune: Lullaby For A weary World by TJ Burnside

I wonder how this filk goes on, with all this noisy
holler

Sleep, lets go to sleep

And I'm scared of how long it may last, I fear that it
may never end

I wish the power to stop it all could last within my hand

I hear the Dorsi fen who sing of bold and bloody causes

Sleep, lets go to sleep

And the voices of the filkers who,

Sing though they're lying on the floor

While some God damned neo calls, for 'Argo' once again

CHORUS: Oh please make them finish, I'm weary of this song

Give them a gentle voice, so I can get some sleep

Make my head strong enough, not to burst when I wake

And make me an ending chord so strong and fine-al

That I can put this weary filk to sleep

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

I wish that I could harmonize, the jagged shards of melody

Sleep, lets go to sleep

And though my voice may strain and crack,

I'll try to keep them all on key

Until all their lips are sealed, and silence reigns again.

BRIDGE: Their singing never seems to end, it keeps on getting oser

Despite protest the loudest sing of blood and pain and war.

And since I've got the one guitar, I sing along beside them.

They will not let me go! Oh, they'll never let me go!

And when the lights are all burnt out, they'll try to sing in darkness.

Sleep, let's go to sleep

Soon a tender God may find me somewhere else, curled up asleep

And grant this weary filker strength for tommorrow's filksing.

And may God grant my tortured voice just one short chance to rest.

For those who were at Boskone, the words are slightly different and I worked out the scansion problem in the second verse. In the chorus, the Fine-al is song in the same way that Tom Lehrer sings "We Will All Go Together When We Go".

"When you attend a funeral,

It is sad to think that sooner or-

Later those you love will do the same for you."

If this seems a little weird, or if you don't have any idea what I'm talking about, it can be sung as 'fine' rather than 'fine-al'.

I had meant to include "High Screech the Sopranos" in here. Unfortunately, I wrote this back before I kept a notebook with me at all times. So instead, I'll take the space to thank Roberta, Spencer, and everyone else who was at the Philcon '85 filksing for encouraging me. Such things are the very life's blood of a neo.

ADDENDA: I just got back from Balticon and just found out about the changes in Boskone. About Balticon: Quite fun. I had a good time going to panels and parties and filking. The latest issue of BEYOND (Roberta's semi-prozine) has a filk of mine in it. My first sale! (Now if only ANALOG took filks.) About BOSKONE: For those who haven't heard, Boskone will be invitation only next year. Invitations will go to:

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

Pros; People who have worked for the concom/gophered/been involved in programing from previous cons; People who have gone to 3 of the last five; NESFA members; and members of local SF fanclubs. No one under 18 w/out Parent or gaurdian unless the person is a member of NESFA or a local SF club. The need for some kind of change is real. I pulled security duty and was pretty disgusted with some of the behavior I saw. For some reason, there was a big increase in the amount of drugs this year. I think the major problem is mundanes who have heard about Boskone and about how it is a 3 day party. On the other hand, Boskone was my first con. If these restrictions had been in force four years ago, I would never have gotten into fandom. The question is, how do you screen the trouble makers out? Perhaps it would be better to limit reg by number on a first come/first serve basis. (Like Darkover does.)

Totally unrelated: I am putting together a fanzine this summer. People interested in contributing/subscribing should not hesitate to write.

Until next time.....The BEM

"Laugh, joy is in the ear that hears."

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

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Apologies Dept: Apparently, I missed the deadline for the May Apa-Filk. Bummer. That means that DAOs 2+3 will be run in the August issue, if this one gets in on time! Since I'm visiting some friends here at Princeton, I am taking advantage of the free word processor. Therefore, my report on Phrolicon will have to wait until October.

By this time, everything I said about Boskone 25 is hopelessly out of date and completely wrong. My latest information says that next years Boskone will be open only to members of NESFA and the people that members of NESFA invite. Anybody else here this or some other rumor?

Comments Dept: Not much to say about last issue. My appologies for getting DAO 2 in late. See appologies dept above.

Ny: One 2 Report: So that's what a banquet is like! Nyclone 2 was my first opportunity to try a convention banquet. One the whole, I thought it was a good event. I got a chance to talk to Taylor Blanchard, an artist of whose work I'm particularly fond. (Unfortunately, he says he's no longer doing name badges.) I also found out what bouncing potatoes are. While I understand that the normal food was good, I and some friends ordered kosher food. The kosher food turned out to be Empire frozen dinners. Yech! This is not the fault of the of the con-com. Handling kosher food in any other way is too complicated for anyone who isn't personally knowledgeable/concerned about the dietary laws. I thank the con-com for being concerned enough to make kosher food of any sort available. Since I spent a good deal of time gophering, I didn't get to see much of the programing. I did take the time to stop in on the filk panel. John Boardman, Roberta Rogow, and Bob Asprin were on the panel. Bob Asprin explained his growing disenchantment with filksinging. He charged that filksinging has become to organized and is not enough fun. He said that the trouble with Bardics is that it's impossible to create a mood or to build on audience reaction. Further, because everyone has to wait so long for their one turn, people sing their long/serious songs rather than short fun ones. He had a number of angry things to say about west-coast filking. What he says suffers from over-regulation in extreme. What's happened-Bob asked-to the drunken fun times we used to have? I have to admit that I don't feel really qualified

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

to say anything on the subject. I have only been in filking for a year and a half, and thus have no memory of anything else other than the current system. I have always had fun at filksings. (Otherwise why go?) I have found that for the most part, people try to stick with the mood and either sing or request something that fits. Also, the order lets everybody have a turn if they want it. (Bob Asprin told a story about his stopping a filk when he noticed a girl sitting with a guitar who hadn't song anything for an hour. He asked her if she wanted to do anything. The girl tried to play a chord, couldn't get it to come out right, and ran from the room crying. Bob said he felt miserable about what had happened. His conclusion: People jump in when they want to.) On the other hand, I can understand his arguments. Many times have I felt the frustration of not being able to sing/request a topper for a song, or having to forget about the song I wanted half an hour ago because the mood changed. Not to mention the problem of waiting an hour and a half to get a turn. What do other people think? Has filk gotten to regulated, or are the restrictions necessary to insure that everyone gets a chance?

The filking itself was all right, Bob Asprin showed up after the bar closed down and demonstrated what was meant by taking over a filk. Not that I think anyone minded. The songs he did were good and the filk had been sort of floundering without direction for awhile. (It was kind of ha. on Roberta and Charlie, being the only folks there with guitars.)

New Filk Dept: I wrote a few things at Nyclone. Two were addenda to other songs and one was a song I've been kind of playing with for a while. The whole one is about the Mobile Infantry (or MI) from Heinlien's Starship Troopers.

The Mobile Infantry Marching Song

Author:Harold Feld
Tune: Halls of Montezuma

From our first day out at Camp Curry
To the caves of Klandathu
We're the one's that you yell should hurry
When a menace threatens you
When we sign up who knows where we'll go
Or what we'll do and see
But we know where all the action is
In the Mobile Infantry

Our powered armor makes us strong
And keeps us on the bounce
And if something should go real wrong
We will make pick up at once
I may have signed up just to vote

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

Now it means much more to me
I have got me a family now
It's the Mobile Infantry

Well I bucked once for officer
Thought I'd live a life of ease.
Had to work so hard to earn that "sir"
Almost crawled out on my knees
Still if I work real hard at math
And moral philosophy
I may make third Lieutenant (probationary!)
In the Mobile Infantry.

The Addenda: On Saturday night, Roberta sang "Never set Frank Hays on fire", which mentions several filkers of distinction. Someone asked why there wasn't a verse for Roberta. She said that Only the West Coasters got named, because they're more well known. However, if we wanted to write one.... Needless to say, filkers rose to the challenge. Charlie and I had a contest to see who could come up with the verse first. I won, so here it is. BTW, Roberta says her last name is pronounced Row-go, with the strong oa sound.

Don't play toppers with Roberta Rogow
She is sure to beat you
Though you may think you've got her, oh no
She'll skin you and she'll eat you
But don't despair, you might win yet
When she pauses to plug her cassettes
etc.

Addenda 2: Later on Saturday night, the filk sing was reduced to about 6 or 7 people. Bob Asprin came in after the bar closed with a couple of his friends. He sang two songs, then lit up a cigarette and started talking to his friends. We continued to sing around them. A couple of variations of 'Babylone' and they were still talking and smoking. At that point, I decided to tell everyone what happened at Balticon and sing "A use for Band From Argo." We all started singing it at the top of our lungs. About mid-way through, Bob Asprin and his bunch got up and left. Of course, we had to write a verse about him. The authors are: Iabra Cinji, Arline Kriftcher, Nick Simicich, Becky Pearlman, Certain Anonymous folk (by request), and me.

Bob Asprin came in with his crew, and sang a couple songs
And then they lit up cigarettes and chatted right along
Even when we tried to sing, they babbled on and on
So we sang 'Band From Argo', and all of them were gone!

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2

Chorus: We sang them Argo everyone
Sang them Argo and they took off at a run
We like Bob Asprin's singing, but let him talk
outdoors.
The Filksings not a Consuite anymore!

Until next time folks!

The BEM of Aldeberan

P.S. If anyone has info about filking at Worldcon, please
let me know.

"Heroes have an infinite capacity for stupidity. Thus are
legends born!"

SINGAPORE

35th Stanza, APA-Filk #35 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St.
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / July 24, 1987

There was, it turned out, no room set aside for filking at Disclave. Greg Baker, Charlie Asbornsen, et al. were chased away from 3 places (the lobby, Con Suite, Gaming Area) even before they sang ("Of course," Bob Lipton noted, "the time to deal with a problem is before it becomes one."), at least once by the Con Chairman. Greg (who owes me a copy of his filk book, by the way) tells me that they created one filksong about Joe Mayhew. (Filk is a medium of satire.)

"It's all Robert's fault" was an obvious motto for NYClone, with the Chairman, Treasurer, Operations Secretary, ex-Logistics head and a GOH all named Robert. (Not to mention Robert-a Rogow running the filksing.) When it wasn't being called Robertcon, it was being called Ribboncon due to the low ratio of attendees to staff. I couldn't stay as late as I wanted at Friday night's filking, but Bob Asprin surprised some of us by being on his best behavior and not pulling "This filksing belongs to me", and again on Saturday's panel on filksinging with John and Roberta (a panel which seemed to go over well). When Asprin mentioned a filksing at a Worldcon which turned instead into 4 hours of arguing ground rules, I took a leaf from Lee Burwasser's "Lightbulb Joke" challenge and suggested that, in future, those arguments be sung. Saturday night, filksinging got under way late because of the Masquerade and Concert. The filksingers found a use for "Banned from Argo" (as Roberta observed): singing it drove Asprin out of the room - then again, it might have been Abby's a capella rendition of "Long Live Spock" or just about anything from Arlene.

Definitely a ripe target for satiric filk is next year's Boskone. Among other hostile attitudes toward membership, it plans to shut down filksinging at 2am.

At this time my plans for the Brighton Worldcon are still embryonic.

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #34 ---- &

ANAKREON/John Boardman: "Evil Empire"> Quite the reverse, sad to say, Reagan is itching for a war to knock Iran/Contra off p. 1. // "PTL" stands for either "Preachers That Lust" or (as Arthur Hlavaty suggests) "Pay The Lady". (By the way, it's proPer verses.) // ct Cover 33> Even after North's testimony, "we may never know just what he's seen". // ct y> If you want to hear a difference between Brooklyn and New Jersey accents, ask natives of each to pronounce "Newark" and "Secaucus". // ct Mistie Joyce> The filksong "Signy Mallory" is based on CJ Cherryh's Downbelow Station. Hearing the song has inspired at least one person to read the book. // Re the Vietnam filks> but who won the war? "The Man Who ~~was returned~~ may be more applicable to US MIAs. // We can file the Gershwins' "Freud and Jung and Adler" alongside "Glory Glory Psychotherapy" ("a thing's a phallic symbol if it's longer than it's wide"), Flanders & Swann's "Oh Dr Freud" ("How I think you have been shamefully employed / And this set of circumstances still enhances the finances / Of the followers of Dr Sigmund Freud") and (speaking of G&S filks) David Donovan's "I am the very model of a modern shrink psychologist / A cognitive-behavioral-emotional proctologist..." // Speaking of Tipper Gore, the January '87 National Lampoon has her husband's Senate Committee going after another form of music whose subjects include incest, wantonness and sexual depravity, violence and the result - opera. // I was with Lee Burwasser when she was shown the filksing room at Pileon. Having had similar experiences with official function space for filksinging, I'm not surprised people head for the informality of room filks.

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: A few small corrections: there was only one fire drill at Lunacon and, while Sacks asked you to run filking at NYClone, I invited you onto the panel with Asprin and Boardman. # Yes, Bag Lady of Gor was great.

VERSE ADDER/Charlie Asbornsen: ct John> Actually, ~~Amal McNugget~~ nee) beat out Soylent Blue for the Hogu ("Best Recipe Using Smurfs").

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME
FOR APA*FILK #35

Perpetrated somewhat erratically by Margaret Middleton, 34 Barbara Drive, Little Rock, AR 72204. Ph (501)666-8466; CompuServe 71525, 1372 (not that you can leave me messages requiring an immediate answer just now--the TRS-80 is down at Morris' office again.)

missed one again! And I actually had mailing comments composed and natterings started-on!

So I'll review #34 for notes-in-margin and interpolate my comments on #33 where still appropriate.

JOHN B.:(33) Re:"WeDon't Sing..." which 3 had you not heard? All are well-known in the Midwest/Central range I con in. I've even heard of the "God Save the Queen" tradition (thanx to Apa-Filk). Re "Stearman Girl", who in the APA does not understand the reference to the Mile High Club? Ref. also "In the Blood" on OTHER TIMES, OTHER PLACES from DAG Productions. Re: "Bloody Dundee", interesting bit of history, there. Re:Agranoff--looks like something I should stock for M-Cubed. (34) Re: Cherryh-filks: yes-indeed, there are. Off- Centaur has a whole tapeful, titled FINITY'S END, mostly from the Merchanter/Stationer cultures of DOWNBELOW STATION and the CHANUR books. Several are even by Carolyn herself. J.P. Hardin's address is 10 Areca Drive, Orlando, FL, 32807.

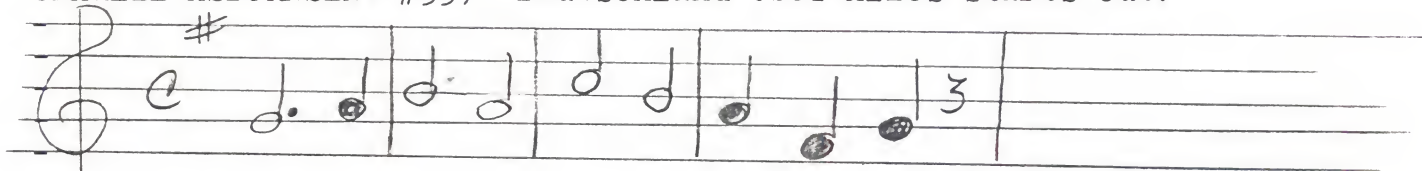
MATHEW MARCUS: (33) Where can I find "Sweet Hope of Glory"?

MARK BLACKMAN: RAEBNC

ROBERTA ROGOW:(33) I ordered some of your tapes and the recentest OM-NIBUS from Scott Merritt for my hucking stock. They did not sell any at Khubla in May, but OKon is a more trek-based group. (34) That "Argo" parody is neat. One of these days I'm going to have to sit down with backissues of the APA and sort-out several songs I've flagged to add to my singbook. I can do judicious amounts of Xeroxery at work, and for larger orders, Kinko's is having a halfprice sale the next couple of weeks (July 20-30). Hell, I may even get out another HARPINGS!

MISTIE JOYCE: (33) I wish you would diagram the compounds in "The Chemist's Drinking Song". Tell Sean Claeary "hi" from me.

CHARLIE ASBORNSSEN: #33) "Deutschland Uber Alles starts out:



Re: "Dirty Pro Rag", Mark Blackman's reaction to the Dickson verse was much more sensible and calm than mine would have been (thank you Mark). "Tools to Fix...", though, is good. Re: DRAGONS, COWS, & KUDZU(book) the bird on P.11, the crib on P.13, the lizards on P.16, and the ladies on PP21 & 22 are clips from Dover Books volumes of Victorian illustrations. The remainder of the illos are all by Randy Farran. He is a very talented young man, who (besides drawing and composing) plays both 6 and 12-string guitar, mandolin, and autoharp.
AND SO ON TO NATTERS.

The newspaper job is a thing of the past, and I'm back in drafting, with the Arkansas Highway Department. After I've been there 6 months I'll be able to take annual-leave days, which are meanwhile accumulating at 1 day per month. Very handy for dealing myself 3-day convention weekends. Send con flyers, or stick them in the apa.

Along with the new job, a second vehicle was required. What we got was a Dodge Dakota pickup truck. The day I got my license plates installed I also scotch-taped a photo-postcard of a DC-3 in the back window by-way of a role-model. Every ~~a~~ couple of weeks we wonder again how we ever survived nearly 20 years of marriage without ~~a~~ pickup truck! I have made a wood-frame tarp support to cover the bed of the truck & protect ~~x~~ huckstock from the elements until we get a camper-shell sometime this Fall.

Texarkon got canceled, so we went to Khubla Quinze. Made expenses with a bit over, and had a lot of fun. Many moons ago, Khubla Khubed was our very first SF convention, so it was highly appropriate that this one marked our re-entry into hucking. Now all I have to do is pay-off my suppliers--at least I won't have to resupply much~~x~~ for OKon this weekend!

(After OKon) OKon was its usual high-cash-flow self, and the suppliers are all paid-off, with a nice lump left over to invest in convention futures (like Nolacon and Noreascon). I had to wait til after work on Friday before we could leave for Tulsa, so it was 10:45 at night by the time we arrived. After unpacking the truck (in the rain...) and hauling the stuff up to the room, I decided sleep was the better part of survival for that night and folded on up ~~w~~ along with Morris and Sharon Amanda. We got checked-in with the con and got the huckster table set up Saturday morning.

I had left M-Cubed's change purse in the truck the evening before, after paying turnpike tolls from it, so had to retrieve it before I could set up the stock. When I got out to the truck, I found that the night's rain had puddled in the tarp so severely that some had gotten-in and soaked the mat in the back end. The mat is polypropylene fiber, and getting wet in and of itself would not damage it, but this underscored the real need to get a hard-shell top before the next major expedition. I did have to have Morris acquire some plastic trash bags to tape to the bottoms of the stock boxes for the return trip, when he got gas on Sunday morning.

I was on two program events this time, an "introduction to filk" panel on Saturday afternoon, and a 3-person mini-filk Sunday. Dennis Drew moderated the intro-filk panel, which included Randy Farran and a comparative neofilker named Mark Simmons, and we actually managed to stick to topics of interest to new-to-filk audience members. Stuff like "what is Filk", "where does filk come from", "how are filks written". Sunday's mini-filk was at 10 a.m.... I must speak to whoever did that scheduling and explain the Facts of Filk... We were there anyway, Dennis and Mark and I, and actually had an audience that started-out outnumbering us and grew through the hour.

This "scheduled mini-filk" is an item of programming fairly unique to OKon, at least within my convention circuit. 2 to 4 filkers agree to be onstage together for an hour, and the event is included as a part of the ~~a~~ alternate-track programming of the convention, along with authors' readings and suchlike. It gives the performers a known time when they can air new material and listeners advance-notice of who will be singing when. It has proven popular with the listeners, and if a given filker objects, all one has to do is decline the invitation to be on the program. You have to have a fairly filkish concom for it to be even thought-of, but I do recommend it.

One last item before I get to the end of the paper. I was taking requests all through the weekend, at \$2 a pop, the money to go the Freas Fund. If I couldn't sing the requested song (didn't happen) I'd refund the money unless one of the other filkers volunteered to cover the request. We had done this on an~~xx~~ organized basis back at Khubla, but even working solo I raised a bit of cash to send along.

In this issue: OLIVER NORTH AND OTHER GARBAGE

ANAKREON

#35, APA-Filk Mailing #35

1 August 1987

THE FLYING GARBAGEMAN

(Tune: "The Flying Dutchman")

'Twas on a bright and sunny morn upon the Great South Bay.
A barge was setting out to sea, from Islip bound away.
The seagulls flocked around her as she left Long Island's strand,
For she was taking garbage down to Carolina land,
For she was taking garbage down to Carolina land.

But when she got to Dixieland the local folk said, "Bunk!
"We do not want a landfill if it means we take your junk!
"You won in Eighteen Sixty-Five, and we are still P. O.'d.
"Although we signed a contract, you can add it to your load,
"Although we signed a contract, you can add it to your load!"

The barge then went to New Orleans to find a place to rest,
For levees made of garbage would hold back the river's crest.
At first the folks were friendly, but the Governor said, "No,
"We'd rather drown in water than in New York's overflow.
"We'd rather drown in water than in New York's overflow."

And next it seemed that Mexico would answer all our prayers.
Their oil spills foul our coastline so our garbage can foul theirs.
But Mexico said, "Stay away, or we won't pay our debt,"
And rather than see banks go bust, the ship is sailing yet,
And rather than see banks go bust, the ship is sailing yet.

They tried to dump it in a swamp among the mangrove trees.
Belize said they don't want it, but, again, who wants Belize?
Caribbean republics built on shaky heaps of stone
Defied the Yankee giant and then begged another loan,
Defied the Yankee giant and then begged another loan.

Back out to the Atlantic went the floating rubbish box.
The captain and his men were sick of being laughingstocks,
So on a quiet night they slipped back into New York Bay,
Unloosed the tugboat from the barge, and softly sailed away,
Unloosed the tugboat from the barge, and softly sailed away.

And there it sits till Greek Kalends, or till Hell freezes tight,
Till senators and preachers don't have lady guests at night,
Or till Marines shall tell the truth, or H-bombs get the ban,
Or till environmentalists stop blocking every plan,
Or till environmentalists stop blocking every plan.

S T L

by Lee Burwasser

(Tune: "Springhill Mine")

Worlds, ahoy! We've found your track;
We're coming in fast, and the signal is
strong.

Space is wide, and the future long,
Space is wide, and the future long.

We're passers-by who won't be back;
Space is wide, and the future long,
Space is wide, and the future long.

There's many a world with a tale to tell.
We gather our treasures from a numberless
throng.

Our drive needs rest, and the tanks are
low,
And the hydrogen sign from the giant is
strong.

Yet all our life is a long "Farewell" --
Space is wide, and the future long,
Space is wide, and the future long.

Choose your price from all we know --
Space is wide, and the future long,
Space is wide, and the future long.

Farewell. Fare well. The ports are sealed
And the drive room thunders with the
engine's song.

We've technic tricks to trade for fuel
But the cargo we crave is story and song;
Your lives, your worlds; the kind, the cruel.

Mark our trace on the star-flung field;
Space is wide, and the future long,
Space is wide, and the future long.

FLYBY

by Lee Burwasser

(Tune: "Bedlam. Boys")

Since last I ranged in, things have
changed;
the sky junk's getting thicker.
Now comes one whack across my track;
it makes some funny flicker.

CHORUS:
I mind when last downslope I passed,
glowing again, far dimmer.
A world to drape in a gauzy cape
as I swing for the passage rimward.

CHORUS: Still I swing toward the sun, in
at a run,
out again to Far Night --
For my year is long, and my only
sing
is the parallax shifting of
the starlight.

CHORUS:
Now inward swerve on the spacetime curve,
again to the Sun I travel --
With ice blown thin by the solar wind,
there's not much left but gravel.

Bright I glowed when first I rode
downslope where the sun could find me,
To blaze my tail to a fiery veil
across the stars behind me.

CHORUS:
Bright I glowed when first I rode
downslope where the sun could find me,
To blaze my tail to a fiery veil
across the stars behind me.

OLLIE'S PROFITEERS

(This song, to the tune of "Barrett's Privateers", was obtained for ANAKREON on condition that both the author and the transcriber remain anonymous.)

Oh, the year was 1984,
How I wish I was in Zürich now.
When the President said privately,
"Do what you must, but don't tell me."
Indict them all! I was told we'd win the war
With Iranian gold and Bolivian coke and American beer.
Now I'm on trial and the money's all disappeared,
I'm the last of Ollie's Profiteers.

Oh, the planes we flew were a sickening sight,
How I wish I was in Zürich now.
The engines died, the supplies got dumped,
And we blew our cover when Hasenfus jumped.
Indict them all! I was told we'd win the war
With Iranian gold and Bolivian coke and American beer.
Now I'm on trial and the money's all disappeared,
I'm the last of Ollie's Profiteers.

Oh, we made big money on the deal.
How I wish I was in Zürich now.
'Til Singlaub undercut the price,
And Secord said, "Jack, that ain't nice."
Indict them all! I was told we'd win the war
With Iranian gold and Bolivian coke and American beer.
Now I'm on trial and the money's all disappeared,
I'm the last of Ollie's Profiteers.

So here I sit in the Federal Pen.
How I wish I was in Zürich now.
The weight has fallen all on me,
'Cause everyone else got immunity.
Indict them all! I was told we'd win the war
With Iranian gold and Bolivian coke and American beer.
Now I'm on trial and the money's all disappeared,
I'm the last of Ollie's Profiteers.

Despite the space that the Iran-Contra deal now has in the newspapers, I have this nagging feeling that I must carefully explain what such songs are about, or else someone going through an APA-Filk file five years hence will wonder what all this refers to. After all, Lieutenant Criminal North is not the first U. S. citizen who tried to recruit a private army and conquer Nicaragua. A certain William Walker once tried it, and even briefly succeeded, and who has ever heard of him?

However, this thing is ramifying so fast and so far that I despair of a brief explanation. (The name is not even agreed upon. Some are calling it "Iranamok", while some say "Contragate", and one unreconstructed Latinist has suggested "Contra Mundum".) Besides, at the rate he is setting up covert operations, we have no guarantee that, five years from now, Lieutenant Criminal North won't have seized control of the U. S. government, thus mooting the whole argument.

COLLATING ANNOUNCEMENTS

This present 35th Mailing of APA-Filk will take place on the deadline date of 1 August 1987, which falls on a Saturday. Unless somebody phones and says that he or she won't get a contribution here until the evening, we'll put it together and mail it out in the afternoon. (This agrees with previous practice, as we are likely to have invited some friends over on the first Saturday evening of any given month.) The collating date of the 267th Distribution of APA-Q will be one week later, on 8 August, and any out-of-towner who gets both apas will have them mailed on that date in one bundle.

The deadline for the 36th Mailing of APA-Filk is nominally 1 November 1987, which falls on a Sunday. The previous day, Saturday 31 October 1987, is also a collating date for the 270th Distribution of APA-Q and for the 541st issue of my gaming magazine GRAUSTARK. I would therefore like anyone who wants to help to rally 'round at about 2 PM on the 31st, and we will put together APA-Filk, APA-Q, and GRAUSTARK, and also help drive the curse of beer from the American home by drinking as much of it as we can. (There'll be soda for those who prefer it.) Please get your contribution to the 36th Mailing here in time for it to be included on the afternoon of the 31st.

ANAKREON #36, which will go into the 36th Mailing of APA-Filk, will be the issue that will include this year's collection of new verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion". If you have heard or, better, composed, any new verses, please be sure that they get here by the middle of October.

For the more distant future, the deadline for the 37th Mailing is Monday 1 February 1988. In all likelihood, it will be physically assembled on the afternoon or evening of Saturday 6 February. However, whether you are aiming your contribution for the 36th Mailing, the 37th Mailing, or both, be sure to allow more time than you could possibly think necessary if you are mailing it in. Almost every recent APA-Filk Mailing has been followed, within a few days, by something that was intended for that Mailing but arrived too late to be included. (In the present Mailing is Mistie Joyce's Taking Notes, which was intended for the 34th Mailing but arrived late.)

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association which is collated at this same address and schedule. APA-Filk has a copy count of 60, and is assembled and mailed out on the first days of each August, November, February, and May. APA-Filk was founded by Robert Byran Lipton in 1979, and is devoted to filksinging - that is, to songs usually on themes of science-fiction, fantasy, and their fandoms, often but not always using existing tunes. In addition to the 60 copies that circulate through APA-Filk, ANAKREON also goes to other people whom its publisher thinks might be interested in it.

If you would like to get APA-Filk, send me a few dollars and I'll deduct postage costs, plus 15¢ for the envelope, and keep you posted on the state of your account. (Including costs for this present Mailing, the balance of your account is given in the blank to the right.) I can also print your APA-Filk contribution for you, on this account, if you send it to me on mimeograph stencils which can fit a Gestetner; the cost for this is 2¢ per sheet per copy. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Mike Rubin	-42¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Elliot Shorter	-\$2.00
Randall McDougall	-65¢	Dana Snow	-15¢

Your contribution to APA-Filk can be printed by any means, so long as it is 8½ x 11 in the old "inch" measurement. If you send in something on ordinary paper and ask me to get it photoduplicated locally, I will have to get it done commercially, and will charge your account accordingly.

APA-Filk Cover #34 (me): Let that be a lesson to you! If no one else is going to contribute covers for APA-Filk, you'll have to keep on putting up with my collages!

ANAKREON #34 (me): I still haven't found who sent in the filksongs from what I guess we are going to have to call the First Americo-Vietnamese War.

Jersey Flats #11 (Rogow): We all enjoyed your leadership at the filksinging session at NYClone II. And we didn't even have to chase anyone out with "Banned from Argo". Bob Asprin seemed to be very moderate and well-behaved compared to what he's done at previous conventions and filksings. The attitude which led to the composition of "This Filksing Belongs to Me" was not in evidence.

Your Filksong about the newer prozines and fanzines put me in mind of a song I started several years ago and was never able to get much forrarder with. It is to the tune of "Camelot", and the sole extant verse is to the left. The era it describes is the first flush of John W. Campbell's editorship of Astounding, from the late 1930s into the 1940s.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1447

Each issue had another Heinlein story, The Doc Smith novels often had a plot, De Camp was scouting Krishnan territory

In Campbell-ot!

When Lewis Padgett's doorknob started winking,

And Asimov cribbed Gibbon for a plot,
And Sturgeon with his skulls,
And Van Vogt with his Rulls,
Left everybody thinking there was
nought - like - Campbell-ot!

If home photoduplication ever becomes cost-competitive with mimeography, or even with computer printing on home computers, it will profoundly change the character of fanzines. There are a lot of photoduplicated and computer-printed fanzines around now, but I

have the impression that a lot of them are due to unauthorized use by fans of computer or photoduplication facilities at the places where they work or study.

Singspiel #34 (Blackman): Are you sure that this stencil was cut with the ribbon out? Something seems to have been wrong with the way in which the type face was hitting the stencil.

There are some old, and highly libellous, parodies of traditional singing commercials, some dating back 40 or 50 years. Some are reprinted on p. 95 of Ed Cray's collection The Erotic Muse (Oak Publications, 1969). One of the most favored is a Pepsi-Cola commercial that I haven't heard on the air for several decades, but which seems to have survived perdurably in the folk culture. The original commercial began "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot..."

Who is Richard Segal?

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #3 (Asbornsen): Filks of Frank Hayes's "Never Set the Cat on Fire" were sung at NYClone II by Roberta Rogow to great glee. One of the filks was "Never Set Frank Hayes on Fire".

Shortly after Shatner did his parody of a Trekkie convention on Saturday Night Live, I got a custom-made button from Nancy Lebovitz. It read: "Get A Life!"

(If you'd like to do the same, send for a copy of Nancy's catalog. Her address is Apt. C-6, 400 Wollaston Ave., Newark, Delaware 19711.)

*

Roberta Rogow announced at NYClone II, two weeks ago, that Filk Index is now being compiled. It is being compiled by Sourdough Jackson, and Rogow will distribute it through Other Worlds Books. Send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the index's price and other details, which will be sent to you as soon as they are available. Roberta's address is P. O. Box 124, Fair Lawn, N. J. 07410.

*

Greg Baker has come out with a very welcome second edition of Greg Baker's Filk Book, with a Leah Rosenthal cover showing Greg playing his guitar, with back-up by Mr. Spock on the Vulcan tuba, Darth Vader on flute, and E. T. on triangle. No price is given, but for information write to Gregory and Sharron Baker, Apt. 914, 11725 S. Laurel Dr., Laurel, Md. 20708-2920.

YESTERFILK

XIII. From Carmel-by-the-Sea to Heritage USA in Sixty Years

Following upon all the clerical scandals of the past few months, there is really only one song for this feature now. In the past few months we have heard how the Reverend Jim Bakker, apparently pissed off by scraping make-up off his drug-soaked wife Tammy before making love, had an affair with a scrawny church secretary from Queens, and has been paying her off out of church funds ever since. His ministry PTL, which originally stood for "Praise The Lord" or "People That Love", has been re-named in popular mythology as "Pass The Loot" or "Pay The Lady". Two of his rivals moved in for the kill and tried to take over Bakker's ministry, precisely as big Wall Street operators will move in on a business with wobbly management. (Indeed, more recent news stories have claimed that the ministry will have to be sold to pay the Bakkers' debts. I didn't even know you could sell a ministry!)

The rivals were Jimmy Swaggart, who hates Catholics, gays, and evolution, and Jerry Falwell, who hates the whole 20th century. Despite the fact that Swaggart is richer, Falwell seems to have taken control. Scandals are still rumbling through the newspapers, even against the heavy rivalry of Lieutenant Criminal North, Ed Meese and the Wedtech bankruptcy, drug-smuggling by Contra gun-runners, official U. S. government support for a pack of baby-killing maniacs in Mozambique, and a real beaut that is going to break soon in Atlanta, involving far-right domestic political violence.

Every time some preacher is caught with his hand in the till or under a skirt, it is treated like an utterly unprecedented act, standing for nothing but individual depravity on the part of an individual minister. However, Christians have been lambasting other Christians about such hi-jinks ever since New Testament times; see Acts 8:9-24 and Revelation 4:20-23, and recall that we have only one side of the story. As long as Christian ministers are regarded as respectable people bringing a holy message to the world, this regard will be easily transmuted into such things as sexual scandals. If you begin with a belief in god, you inevitably end in Jim's and Jessica's motel room.

This fact became evident more than 60 years ago, when the hottest thing going in evangelical ministry was Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, who in her Four-Square Gospel Temple in Los Angeles baptized 10,000 people a week. ("It's the same 10,000 every week," Will Rogers once observed, "but that ain't bad baptizin'.") By the time of her disappearance on 18 May 1926, McPherson had amassed a personal fortune of \$1,250,000 - peanuts by modern standards, but pretty good for 1926.

The disappearance caused shock waves to run through her congregation, though rumors of her death were matched by rumors of her resurrection. After periods of time given in various sources as 8 and 36 days, Sister Aimee surfaced at Aqua Prieta, Mexico, with a story about being kidnapped by unspecified sinister forces. But newspaper investigators took another look at matters, and found that Sister Aimee had spent much of that time in a tourist cabin (as motels were then called) at Carmel-by-the-Sea with Kenneth G. Ormiston, formerly the Four-Square Gospel's radio engineer. (He's the "Radio Ray" of the song, which gets his name wrong.)

After that, it was all downhill for the Four-Square Gospel Temple. After Sister Aimee died of an overdose of sleeping powder in 1945, no one tried a Falwell-style takeover of the ministry, and I hear that the shabby temple is now closed, if indeed it has not fallen to the developers.

This song was probably written in 1926, between 3 August when a grand jury began to look into the case, and 8 December, when Ormiston once again surfaced. The grand jury handed down no indictments, leaving Sister Aimee to public obloquy. The tune is an old junkie favorite, "Willie the Weeper", which Cab Calloway used for his famous "Minnie the Moocher". (This is not to be confused with "Minnie the Mermaid", which is quite another tune.)

In a few years the Bakker Scandals will have been forgotten, and then another will break, and people will again act surprised - and I will probably reprint this tale of Sister Aimee's misadventures again, unless a better song has been written by then about the current scandal.

Did you ever hear the story 'bout Aimee McPherson,
Aimee McPherson, that wonderful person?
She weighed a hundred-eighty and her hair was red,
And she preached a wicked sermon so the papers all said.

CHORUS: Heigh-dee, heigh-dee, heigh-dee, heigh,
Ho-dee, ho-dee, ho-dee ho. ((Repeated after each verse.))

Aimee built herself a radio station
To broadcast her preachin' to the nation.
She found a man named Armistead who knew enough
To run the radio while Aimee did her stuff.

She held a camp meetin' out at Ocean Park,
Preached from early mornin' 'til after dark,
Said the benediction, folded up the tent,
An' nobody knew where Aimee went.

When Aimee McPherson got back from her journey,
She told her tale to the district attorney.
Said she'd been kidnapped on a lonely trail;
In spite of a lot of questions, she stuck to her tale.

Well, the Grand Jury started an investigation,
Uncovered a lot of spicy information,
Found out about a love nest down at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
Where the liquor was expensive and the lovin' was free.

They found a cottage with a breakfast nook,
A foldin' bed with a worn-out look.
The slats were busted and the springs were loose,
And the dents in the mattress fitted Aimee's caboose.

Well, they took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail.
Last I heard, she was out on bail.
They'll send her up for a stretch, I guess.
She worked herself up into an awful mess.

Now Radio Ray is a goin' hound;
He's goin' yet and he ain't been found.
They got his description, but they got it too late;
Since they got it, he's lost a lot of weight.

Now, I'll end my story in the usual way,
About this lady preacher's holiday.
If you don't get the moral then you're the gal for me
'Cause they've got a lot of cottages down at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

(Incidentally, if the tune to "Willie the Weeper" isn't available, you can sing these words to "Casey Jones" if you cram the syllables a little, and ignore the rather undistinguished chorus. Probably the best source for Sister Aimee's escapade is Lately Thomas, The Vanishing Evangelist (New York, 1959).)

Incidentally, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California is now called simply Carmel, and it is now chiefly famous for being an enclave of wealthy exurbanites who have elected Clint "Dirty Harry" Eastwood as their mayor.

CHICKASAW MOUNTAIN

by Lee Burwasser

A review of Leslie Fish's Chickasaw Mountain (Off Centaur Publications, El Cerrito, CA, 1986)

Leslie Fish is probably best known for setting Kipling to music. She's done two tapes of that, Cold Iron and The Undertaker's Horse. She's also done a recordfull of Star Trek songs, Solar Sailor, and a tape of her own stuff, Skybound, that is more generally SF, though with bits of ST and of Kipling, too. And she turns up on various multi-performer tapes.

Chickasaw Mountain is different. Bits of it might be classed as SF or as fantasy, but the whole thing is mythic. And despite two or three comic turns, the tape as a whole is stark.

It may be just coincidence that the progression goes from mountain to mountain: "Mount Tam" to start off Side A and "Chickasaw Mountain" to end Side B. It may also be coincidence that two of the light songs are at the hub - just before and just after you flip the tape - while the stark choices are on the mountains. If it was accidental, it was a powerful accident.

There is great temptation to "read" from this tape Leslie's feelings about Neo-Pagans. Two of the songs are unmerciful send-ups of modern covens, and many of the rest show a sterner goddess than Wiccans generally talk about. One must note, however, that one of those send-ups, "Stone Dance", is a favorite with many Neo-Pagans. It's not always easy to tell when a writer is joshing.

Taking the songs in order:

"Mount Tam" has strong earthquake imagery. You know it was taped in California. The narrator has a stark choice: where will the quake strike? A doctor making triage decisions can feel she's only recognising who's already beyond help; the wizard of Mt. Tam has free choice - and one helluva responsibility.

"Jack the Slob and the Goddess of Love" is one of the comic turns, but there's a grimness to it. Even the supposedly soft, loving aspect is nobody to mess with. The structure is medieval, the lyric modern colloquial - it probably sounds to us much as medieval songs actually sounded to medieval audiences. Funny as hell.

"Hymn to the Night-Mare". Traditional imagery in the beginning, when "someone" must die, gives way to earthquake/tsunami imagery, with mounting death toll, as the Night Mare becomes ever more elemental.

"Ferryman" is a collaboration. Lackey (whose first name I have unforgivably forgotten) writes lyrics that singers scramble to compose tunes to. Here she has done a highly mythic episode in verses that need the strength of the music, yet carry their own weight. It's clear from the beginning that either the ferryman or the fare is a ghost, but which? When she gives him her shawl, I guessed, and guessed wrong: that's the only clue I'm giving away.

"Challenger" is notable more for subject than treatment. Mythic heroes are no Don Quixotes; they have to be pushed into their quests. But the pushing is often done by the hero's own nature. Here, the hero seems at first to be a shaman, pursued by dreams and troubling circumstances until she accepts her vocation. Then she turns out to be something else. Or does she?

"White Man's Rain Chant" is just that - a translation.

"Ship of Stone", by Simpson, is as close to science fiction as this tape gets. In this song, today is the dreamtime, the mythic Time of Origin, to which the companions look back in affirming their unity. I may be reading too much into one verse, but that unity seems to embrace artificial intelligence.

For "Stone Dance", she lays on the twang an inch thick. "Then get dressed and drive back into town." That one. 'Nuff said.

End of Side A.

"The Gods Are Not Crazy" is dedicated to Charles Fort. It does not take portents

seriously. I wonder if this is what LeGuin would call "getting fresh" with the Immortals? I doubt it. But there's plenty of freshness to it.

"Rise Up Bright Sun" is another translation.

"Berserker" is one case where the tape softens reality. Actual berserkers were a nasty lot, while the narrator here is the idealized master of martial arts - patient, quiet, humble. Still, some sources do distinguish between berserkers by choice and the afflicted. And the elves of Lord of the Rings are no less legitimate than the more primitive and dangerous elves of Anderson's The Broken Sword.

"The Sun Is Also a Warrior" is weakened by didacticism, though not fatally. The eternal warning - be sure you really want what you ask for - joined to a modern question: What is worth fighting for?

"Lucifer", by Simpson, is equally didactic, but its structure is appropriate.

"Earth's Fire-Breathing Daughter" shows a very different coven from the one in "Stone Dance". (NB: I have no idea whether the title is meant to refer to the sequel to Silverlock, as I could never get even a chapter into it.) Earthquake imagery again, this time with mud slides. A jab at "liberals" - Fish is a Wobbly - reminiscent of Phil Ochs' "Love Me, I'm a Liberal". Mildly amusing.

"Hallow's Dirge", by Landon, is probably not as confused as it seems. It is dif-fused, combining harvest and waning imagery more closely than we generally see them.

Do not listen to the last two if you're feeling depressed.

Years ago, at a BaltiCon, I think, Leslie introduced "No More Songs" as the last song Phil Ochs wrote before he killed himself.

"Chickasaw Mountain" is about that, and about stark choices, and the lady who gives nothing for free. It can be regarded as the case for the "stall-fed ox", the one who lives and serves a normal lifetime. I just have a hard time seeing Leslie Fish as a stall-fed ox.

SONG OF THE EGGPLANT PARTISANS

by Greg Baker

(Tune: "Happy Birthday to You"*)

Je ne veut pas mourir,
Je ne veut pas mourir,
Ne tuez moi, s'il vous plait,
Je ne veut pas mourir.

I don't want to die,
I dcn't want to die,
So please do not kill me
'Cause I don't want to die.

Je chanterai
Comme un belle oiseau,
Ne tuez moi, s'il vous plait,
Je ne veut pas mourir.

You want me to sing
Like a bird on the wing,
So grab pen and paper
Since I'm doing my thing!

Je traherai
Mon frere et mon pere
Ma sceur at ma mere
Je ne veut pas mourir!

My father and mother,
My sister and mother,
On which shall I spy,
Since I don't want to die?

This song originted in a home-made war game called Slobbovia, and was the song of the resistance movement of Novaria, one of the countries. Greg has translated it into English for the benefit of Roberta Rogow and others who don't read French.

* - For the real story on that rumor that royalties must still be paid on this song, see p. 108 of Hal Morgan's and Kerry Tucker's More Rumor! (Penguin Books, 1987) The song is known in French as "Joyeaux Anniversaire".

SPACE

by J. P. Hardin

(Tune: "Beth" as recorded by KISS)

Space, I hear you calling,
But I just can't leave right now,
'Cause all our technicians are working,
And we've barely left the ground.

Our knowledge it is lacking,
And a gap we need to fill,
And we are always reaching,
Adding to our skill.

CHORUS: Just a few more years, now,
And I'll come to explore you,
Space I hear you calling,
There's still so much to do,
Quite a lot to do.

CHORUS:

FINALE: Space I heard you calling,
And I want to leave right now,
And my starship is leaving tonight.

Since printing his "The Nasty Klingon" in the last issue, I have come across J. P. Hardin's address, and so I will be able to send him the 34th and 35th Mailings. It is 10 Arega Dr., Orlando, Fla. 32907.

GRACELESS NOTES

The filking impulse seems to have become fairly widespread of late, probably due to the eminently filkable scandals which have enlivened our society in recent months. Ray Stevens had the following filk in the New York Times of 2 May 1987:

"Would Jesus Wear a Rolex on His Television Show?"

Woke up this morning, turned on my TV set.
There in living color was something I
can't forget.

This man was preachin' at me, yeah, lay-
in' on the charm,
Askin' me for 20 with 10,000 on his arm.

He wore designer clothing and a big smile
on his face,

Selling me salvation while they sang
'Amazing Grace,'

Askin' me for money when he had all the
signs of wealth.

I almost wrote a check out, but then I
asked myself.

Would He wear a pinkie ring? Would He
drive a fancy car?

Would His wife wear furs and diamonds?

Would His dressing room have a star?
If He came back tomorrow, there's some-
thing I'd like to know,

Can you tell me, would Jesus wear a Rolex
on His television show?

Would Jesus be political if He came back
to Earth?

Have His second home in Palm Springs and
try to hide His worth?

Take money from those poor folks when He
comes back again?

And admit He's talked to all those preach-
ers who say they've been talkin' to
Him?

Berk Breathed's Bloom County comic strip recently had a routine in which Bill the Cat took up tongue-twanging and became a rock star. So, in the strip of 2 May 1987, to the tune of "The Beverly Hillbillies" theme, Milo Bloom gave us:

Well, let me tell the story 'bout a cat named Bill,
Poor country pussy, couldn't keep his tummy fill.
Then one day he was strummin' with his tongue,
And soon after that came the money by the ton!
Royalties, that is...greenbacks...moolah, moolah!

Well, first thing ya know, ol' Bill's a billionaire.
 Kin folks said, 'Bill, move away from there!'
 Said, 'California is the place for nuts like you!'
 So he folded up his tongue and moved to Malibuuu!

Since this episode, Bill has found religion, and is now preaching on television as Oral Bill. His Bloom County followers, Hodge-Podge and Portnoy, got Opus the Penguin exiled from the county as a shameless practitioner of Penguin Lust. Then they lost their faith, but as of present writing Opus is still on the road.

Meanwhile, Don Flynn of the New York Daily News has composed the following lines to the rhythm of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", a narrative poem composed nearly 200 years ago by that disreputable junkie Samuel Coleridge. This poem has always been good for parody. That legendary infielder of the New York Mets' early years, Marvellous Marv Throneberry, was called "the ancient mariner" by more literary fans because, as Coleridge's poem said, "he stoppeth one of three". This was Flynn's effort:

"Rime of the Ancient Garbage Scow"

It is the Ancient Garbage Scow
 And it stoppeth never yet.
 Doomed to sail forever now.
 Whatta ya wanna bet?

The scow was packed, its garbage pressed,
 Merrily did it drop
 Below New York, below Key West
 But never could it stop.

Avast! Get out! Phew and Arrgh!
 Did landfill keepers shriek.
 On, on it sailed, the hapless barge
 While all the bags did reek.

A foul breese blew, the great stench, too
 The seagulls followed free
 It was the worst that ever burst
 Into the Caribbean Sea.

Landfill harbors everywhere!
 Yet all the ports did shrink.
 Garbage, garbage, everywhere,
 Oh, what an Islip stink.

Out! Out! howled North Carolina
 And New Orleans, as well

The Bahamas posted picket ships.
 It couldn't get into hell!

Sail on, sail on, Oh scow of fate
 But Mexico says never.
 Even unknown Belize says nay
 This trip shall last forever.

About! Aaft! All motion ceased
 The scow lost every motion.
 As idle as a painted skiff
 Upon a painted ocean.

The skipper cries, 'All flies are dead!
 'We'll find a port now soon!'
 From Washington, he hears a drone
 - A Congressional bassoon.

Alas, poor Ancient Garbage Scow
 The politicians smell you.
 Your fate is sealed forever now
 What'm I gonna tell you?

Ten years for Cable TV
 For tunnels, dozens more.
 With Washington to help you
 You never can reach shore.

This poem appeared in the Daily News of 10 May 1987, complete with a map of the barge's wanderings to that date. For its subsequent progress, see my verses on p. 1.

*

Mark Blackman has rescued this Mailing of APA-Filk from another Boardman collage cover by sending in a cover based on the facts that this year's World Science Fiction Convention will be held in England, and that some New York fans like to mark midnight at a fannish party by singing "God Save the Queen". "NASFIC" is a convention held in the U. S. for fans who can't spring for the ocean trip, but it is being held nearly as far west of New York City as the Worldcon is east of here.

*

As the deadline for this Mailing nears, I am amazed by the lack of thought taken by some contributors. As you may have noticed, APA-Filk is stapled along the left margin of odd-numbered pages. It would seem, then, to make sense to send in pages with wide left margins on the odd-numbered sides, and wide right margins on the even-numbered sides if two-sided reproduction is used, or all wide left margins if only one side of the paper is used.

Harold Feld has sent in two contributions, both of them entitled "Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2". Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2, Number 1, was originally aimed at the 34th Mailing, but arrived too late. It consisted of four pages, all of them with very wide right margins and negligible left margins, which Feld requested me to get photoduplicated locally. This I did, first re-arranging the odd-numbered pages so that the wide margins were on the left rather than on the right. They are included in this Mailing.

Then, about a couple of weeks ago, Feld sent in the completely computer-printed Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2, Number 2, complete with a report on the filksinging at NYClone II on the weekend of 17-19 July. These pages not only had wide right margins and negligible left margins, but were sent in on a very long codex, whose pages had to be carefully torn apart one by one so that they could be collated into this Mailing of APA-Filk. Now that I know that there are APA-Filk contributors capable of doing this sort of thing, I can set a policy on it. If you choose to print your contribution as a computer print-out, separate the pages yourself. Otherwise they are likely to sit around here for months until the author shows up to separate them in person, or until I am feeling bored and have something on the radio to listen to while I separate them.

Both editions of Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #2 are included in this 35th Mailing of APA-Filk.

(Because reports on the NYClone II filksing were sent in by Roberta Rogow and Harold Feld, I have decided not to write one.)

*

Time permits a longer discussion of the Great Hymn Controversy than I was able to give in the last ANAKREON. The 1986 decision by the United Methodist Church to excise "Onward Christian Soldiers" and most of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was by no means the first attempt to edit out supposedly unsuitable hymns. Several years ago, one sect eliminated the magnificent "Once to Every Man and Nation", probably incensed by the fact that it was originally a memorial to the martyred John Brown. According to a report in Newsday of 19 May 1986, the United Methodists thought that the two hymns were too military. "We live in a world of war," said Ezra Earl Jones, a member of a committee which was working on hymnal revision. "The church has an opportunity to offer an alternative to war. Let's take it out and see if General Convention wants it back."

The decision was of course not allowed to stand. If there has been any constant position taken by almost every Christian sect since Christianity began, it is that war is good, and that even holding out hopes of peace is monstrously evil. The New York Daily News, a notably non-Methodist publication, took the United Methodists to task in an editorial appropriately entitled "Brothers, Lift Your Voices". In the Daily News of 2 June 1986, a Christian reader put it this way:

"If some Methodists want to do away with 'Onward Christian Soldiers' as being 'militaristic' or 'sexist', let them be consistent and agitate for scrapping the National Anthem, the armed forces, the local police. Perhaps these fanatics would like to erase from the Bible 'For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?' (I Corinthians 14:8)"

Andrew E. Carlan, the author of these sentiments, was perfectly correct. Christians have always been in favor of a concept they call "the Just War" - which, in practice, turns out to be any war fought by the nation of which the particular Christian in ques-

tion is a subject. At the very beginning of Christianity lies the belief that peace is not to be obtained in this world; John 14:27 states: "My own peace I give you, a peace the world cannot give." Images of war run throughout all the Old and New Testaments; the bloody destruction of first the Christians and then their persecutors is lovingly described in Revelation. For the modern Christian view of these things, see A. G. Mojtabai's book Blessed Assurance: At Home with the Bomb in Amarillo, Texas (Houghton-Mifflin, 1986). Mrs. Mojtabai went to the town where is located the only nuclear weapon assembly plant in the United States, and asked the local people whether they had any compunctions about building these instruments of destruction. Just about everyone to whom Mrs. Mojtabai spoke was a devout Christian who expressed the belief that the forthcoming nuclear war is the Armageddon predicted in their bible, and that the hope of world peace is an evil scheme of the Anti-Christ.

The 10-8 majority that had revised the United Methodists' hymnal was vehemently overridden when their report was submitted to the General Convention. A survey showed that 7 out of 10 wanted to keep "Onward, Christian Soldiers", and nearly 9 out of 10 wanted to keep "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". (Charles W. Bell, New York Daily News, 8 June 1987)

Once the report was submitted to the General Convention, "the panel had been denounced as anti-American and 'soft-headed' in more than 8,000 cards, letters and petitions sent to church headquarters...Only 40 people wrote to support the change." (New York Times, 3 July 1986) So many phone calls of protest came in, that the church's headquarters in Nashville could not make outgoing calls for 10 days. (Newsday, 3 July 1986) The deep Christian commitment to war has been resoundingly reaffirmed.

Several years ago, a survey in Europe indicated that Atheists were more opposed than Christians were to a third world war. Christians, after all, believe that they will be whisked up to heaven and avoid any tribulation here on earth. Atheists know that we have only one life in one world per person, and are therefore much less willing to get involved in a war that will truncate that only life. I have no doubt that a similar survey in this country would have the same results.

*

Most of the church hymnals that I have seen in this country include the National Anthem as a hymn, which ought to settle once and for all the sacred place that the Nation has in Christian belief. I would have thought that a Christian's chief concern was to save his soul rather than his country, but then I am not looking at this superstition from the inside.

Two years ago, as today, the New York Yankees and the Toronto Bluejays were fighting a vigorous battle for first place in the Eastern Division of the American League. Since Yankee fans are a pack of boors who take their cue from their team's owner, George Steinbrunner, they were in the habit of booing the Canadian National Anthem when it was sung, along with our own, at games with the Bluejays in Yankee Stadium. Then, to add injury to insult, a professional singer named Mary O'Dowd was asked to sing "O Canada" at Yankee Stadium for the Yankee-Bluejay game of 14 September 1985. Although she had been singing professionally for over ten years, O'Dowd forgot the words and the tune. After a few moments of fumbling she grabbed a crib sheet, slogged her way through the English version of this bi-lingual song, and "then quickly fled from the field to the boos of the fans." (Dennis Duggan, Newsday, 20 September 1985)

After the game, O'Dowd phoned the Mayor of Toronto to apologize, and agreed to sing "O Canada" when the Yankees next played in Toronto on 4 October. And Steinbrunner announced that from now on, all singers of any national anthems must be approved by him. We'll see whether this announcement holds up if relations with Cuba improve to the point where the American League might place a team in Havana.

Steinbrunner is not the only person dissatisfied with the way in which the national anthem is sung at ball games. In Newsday of 1 November 1986, Florence Gelfand complained "Heaven help these so-called singers who inject rock style into this beautiful song...It's like defacing the American flag." It could have been worse; about 40 or 45 years ago a conductor was actually arrested for creating a new rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner". The charge was defacing government property!

The campaign to replace "The Star-Spangled Banner", possibly with "America the Beautiful" or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", seems to have bogged down once more. The fact that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to the tune of an old English drinking song shouldn't bother anyone. The American, British, Dutch, German, and Israeli national anthems are all to tunes composed by foreigners.

In a letter to the New York Times of 4 September 1986, the Canadian-American folk-singer Oscar Brand defended the song "To Anacreon in Heaven" from attempts by one Gerald Marks to claim that it was not a drinking song. Anacreon, after all, died choking to death on a grape seed. (Also, incidentally, he was gay, but that was to be expected from an ancient Greek intellectual.) Brand wrote that "When I wrote the Kennedy Center Bicentennial Musical 'Sing America Sing', I had an 18th-century character tell the audience: 'Those are great lyrics, but the melody'll never last. Nobody can sing it.'" He concludes, "Don't weep for 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. It may outlast the Republic."

That last supposition is a certainty if Admiral Poindexter's method of formulating public policy should stand.

*

In that same letter, Brand pointed out an inaccuracy in a New York Times news item of 6 August 1986, reporting the death of Florence Reece, 86, author of the famous labor anthem "Which Side Are You On?" The lyrics, written in the 1930s, were Mrs. Reece's, but the tune was the traditional "Lay the Lily Low", also called "Jackaro", "Lily Munroe", and "Jackie Munroe". This ballad with the original words is the traditional tale of a young woman who disguises herself as a man so she can accompany her lover into the army. Pete Seeger recorded the song in 1941.

*

Perhaps a more traditional song for baseball than any national anthem might be the verse to the right, a 19th-century lyric first recorded in the Chicago Tribune and reprinted in its sister paper the New York Daily News on 6 July 1986. The article by Jim Naughton is a history of umpiring since the earliest days of organized baseball, but does not give the tune of these words. However, it can obviously be sung to that 19th-century favorite, "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Mother, may I slug the umpire?
May I slug him right away?
So he cannot be here, mother
When the teams begin to play.
Let me clasp his throat, dear mother,
In a dear delightful grip
With one hand and with the other
Bat him several in the lip.

*

While Protestants in America fight to make sure that their hymnals remain sufficiently warlike, Catholics in Italy are also out to purify their church music. Their problems are indeed severe. Johann Sebastian Bach was a deeply believing Protestant. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, though a subject of the Holy Roman Empress, sneaked Masonic propaganda into his opera The Magic Flute, while his "Reformation Symphony" had the "Dresden Amen" for its first movement, and concluded triumphantly with Martin Luther's "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott". Ludwig van Beethoven was on the books as a Catholic, but never seems to have taken it seriously, and into one of his compositions he worked the great Jewish hymn Kol Nidre.

This was probably the reason why Beethoven's symphonies, Mozart's piano concertos, Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, and several other famous works have been banned for performance in "holy places" by the bishops of the Emilia-Romagna region in northern Italy. (New York Post, 16 July 1987) "This is a disciplinary act," the bishops announced. "Such music was forbidden before, but every so often the rules need repeating. People's memories are short and there has been a certain tendency to ignore the edict. All kinds of music were being played, including folk music. Now it will depend on whether it is of a profane or a religious inspiration."

Meanwhile, back in this country, the Christian pamphleteer Jack T. Chick is protesting against "Christian rock", saying that you cannot set god's word to the devil's music. See his pamphlets Angels? and Why No Revival?, available at Christian bookshops, for details.

*

"The House I Live In" is a musical expression of America's liberty and diversity. It was written in 1942 by Earl Robinson, with lyrics by Abel Meeropol, who then was writing under the name "Louis Allan". Robinson, 77, has been a fixture on the American folk scene for many decades. In 1936 he wrote "Joe Hill", a memorial to the American labor leader who was framed and executed in 1919, during the first of the periodic "Red Scares" with which this country has been afflicted.

(It is persistently reported that Hill's last words were: "Don't mourn for me, boys; organize!" An equally persistent counter-rumor has it that his last words were "Carry me over the border into Wyoming, boys; I wouldn't be caught dead in Utah.")

Other Robinson compositions have been "The Ballad of Uncle Sam", "Free and Equal Blues", "The Lonesome Train", and a song in praise of the school desegregation decision, "Black and White". But, next to "Joe Hill", his best-known song was "The House I Live In". In the middle 1940s this song was the basis for a short film of the same name, in which it was sung by a Mafia saloon singer whose name I cannot now recall. When the film's director, Albert Maltz, got into trouble in that decade's Red Scare, the singer dropped both him and the song. He did, however, have the effrontery to sing "The House I Live In" for the centennial celebration of the Statue of Liberty last year.

Abel Meeropol also wrote the libretto for an opera based on Jaroslav Hashek's great anti-war novel The Adventures of the Good Soldier Shvejk in the Great War, and he also composed "Strange Fruit", a haunting song about a lynching. But Meeropol, who died on 29 October 1986 at the age of 83, is perhaps best known as the man who adopted Michael and Robert Rosenberg after their parents, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, were framed on an espionage charge and executed in 1953.

(Newsday, 28 May and 1 November 1986)

*

Dartmouth College, like other "Ivy League" institutions, was once all-male, but has admitted women during the past 13 years. This is the second time that the admissions policy of Dartmouth has changed direction; it was founded in 1769 by the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock to preach the gospel to the Indians. For reasons that Wheelock could never figure out, Indians weren't interested in the product, and the sons of the white gentry were educated there instead. The song "Men of Dartmouth", whose

Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the College on the Hill!
For the Lone Pine above her,
And the loyal sons who love her!
Give a rouse! Give a rouse!
For the sons of old Dartmouth
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth
Though round the girdled earth they roam
Her spell on them remains!
The granite of New Hampshire
In their muscles and their brains!

first verse is reprinted to the right, was adopted as Dartmouth's official anthem in 1926. But now the student body, which is 40% female, thinks that it no longer represents Dartmouth, and is trying to get it replaced. According to a report in the New York Times of 12 October 1986, there is much alumni objection to this plan. Simply changing it to "Ye of Dartmouth" has been suggested, as has the total replacement of the song. At convocations, a sizable number of faculty members and students are refusing to rise for "Men of Dartmouth".

Not mentioned in the Times story are Dartmouth's less official songs. Of all the Ivy League colleges, Dartmouth is furthest up in the hills away from the urban centers of civilization, and its male students thus have a rugged image of themselves which is reflected in such unofficial anthems as "We Go to Dartmouth" and "A Race of Hairy Men". Whether any change will extend to these songs is doubtful.

*

Unlike many Americans, I am convinced that President Reagan's insistence upon free trade in the face of protectionist pressure is one of the few good things of his administration. It means that the foreign goods I buy will be cheaper, while as a teacher I will not be affected by foreign competition against my product. And, as an added bonus, the arrogant power of the viciously pro-war labor unions in this country will be curbed when the goods they produce are undercut by foreign imports. It might even bring them to realize that, as long as their productive abilities are concentrated on weapons

rather than on consumer goods, the foreign producers of consumer goods will continue to dominate American markets.

In Canada, living in the shadow of America's productive capacity, they see this somewhat differently. I am indebted to Jim McCarthy of Ottawa for sending me an article by Patricia File from the August 1986 issue of the Canadian magazine Our Times. The Ontario Federation of Labour is opposed to free trade, and on 17 April 1986 they presented the song "The Boss is Coming to Dinner" by Ian Tamblyn. The song is a satire on President Reagan's "Shamrock Summit" with Prime Minister Mulroney. It goes:

The house has all been tidied
The dirt swept under the rug
There's still a leak here somewhere
But we can't seem to find the plug.

Mila bought a brand new dress
I've got the egg off my face
We're sending the kids to Clark's house
So there won't be any mistakes.

You see the boss is coming to dinner
For some steak and apple pie
Then I'll make a speech that will make
no sense

And sing a song about Irish eyes.

I'm not talking about Bruce Springsteen
I'm talking about the Gipper himself
The man who seems to have a way with words
And a gun stuck in his belt.

And when Irish eyes are smiling
We will talk about free trade
And as the boss's eyes glass over
He will dream of the fifty-first state.

Where the forests of northern Ontario
Belong to the New York Times

In this same production, the Outapuaits Popular Theatre had a skit called "The Free Trade Reciprocity Reel", which File described as "an overview of Canadian history adapted from an anti-American tune from the War of 1812. It goes:

In Seventeen Hundred and Eighty Three
The word of the day was reciprocity
A group of merchants in Montreal
Wanted a free trade for all
Free for the merchants and Uncle Sam
They lived off the backs of the working
man
Saying "Buy from the Yanks if the price
is low
"And damned be the farmers of Ontario."

CHORUS:

C'mon shake hands with the big stick man
Mr. Ronald Reagan and Uncle Sam
Free trade means we're real close friends

Where the water will flow from James Bay
down
To the Mason-Dixon line.

Where the Yukon and North West Territories
Will be put to better use
We'll send the Dene to Utah
And save the Arctic for the Cruise.

And in his vision of the Great White North
He saw a fishing camp with sole on ice
And he made the capital Minaka Lodge
And he sent Miami rice.

And when he woke it was all so clear
In what was left of his mind
He said Brian my boy we have to talk
I whispered Mila you done just fine.

He said are you prepared for concessions
I said as long as we get free trade
You can bomb from Managua to Tripoli
And we won't stand in your way.

Oh say can you see
Through the blarney from the Chin that lies.
We are selling Canada down the tube
While he sings about Irish eyes.

- Friends to whose ends?
Well that depends.

In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Six
All BNA was in a fix
William Merrit and his Yankee friends
Looked to the North for dividends
Free Trade was the weapon 'cause we won
the war
They'd buy with cash what they lost with
the sword
Yes do the same as they did in Texas
When all else fails they'll just annex us.

CHORUS:

Hear the sad tale of Wilfred Laurier
How the people sent him packing with his
friend Free Trade
To help win votes the Yanks agreed
To drop the tariff and make trade free
Then President Taft made his famous boast

"Our flag shall fly from coast to coast
"It's manifest we'll all Yankees be
"From the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic Sea."

CHORUS:

Yet another song from this show was Pat Brennan-Alpert's "A Song against Free Trade", to the tune of "Union Maid":

There once was a union maid
Who thought about free trade
The U. S. A. is our good neighbour
Will free trade be good for labour?
She talked to her working pals
Those organizing gals
They used their heads
Discussed and read
And this is what they said.

CHORUS:

Oh you can't fool me
Free trade's a bad job
Free trade's a scam job
Free trade means lost jobs
Oh you can't fool me
They call it free trade
But I'm afraid that it's not free.

If you're a factory Jane
The truth is clear and plain
Electric goods, clothes, toys and games
Light industry goes down the drain
They'll go to a poor country
Where labour's nearly free
To make big bucks
Off our sisters' backs
That's not what I call free.

CHORUS:

Clerks and secret'ries
In service industries
Can say good-bye
To the labour force
Our jobs will fly south
We stay up north
Hey all you working Joes
When women's income goes
The family's in poverty
You know that that's not free.

CHORUS:

So come on workers rise
It's time to organize
To tell it straight
And agitate
And stop the feds - it's not too late
Don't kick out the door
What we've been fighting for
Security - equality -
And jobs for you and me.

CHORUS:

Despite great changes in economic conditions, one thing seems to remain constant, across the decades and across the border - union songs are among the most poorly written examples of folksongs I've ever seen.

*

In Newsday of 26 September 1986, Rick Horowitz put to verse the famous campaign of Ronald and Nancy Reagan against various mood-altering substances. After all, why should anyone want to alter the mood that the Reagans have established in this country? So we have...

"The Ron and Nancy Show"

RR: Hit it, boys!
I'm Ronald Reagan, I'm the Chief Exec,
Here to tell you that drugs are a
pain in the neck,
As the Number One man, I can make
things happen,
So we're gonna clean house with
some awesome rappin'.

NR: I'm the swingin' First Lady of the
entire land
I can get press attention just by
wavin' my hand,
But then Ronnie says, 'I really
wanna kiss you,
'Cause you're sittin' on top of the
hottest issue.

'You were antidrug before it came
into fashion,
'Now everybody's lookin' for a
piece of the action.
'We can take the high ground, we
can storm the beach,
'If we get it together and we make
a speech.'

CHORUS: Say nix!

Say nix!
Say nix to kicks in '86!
If a friend says, 'Man, you just
gotta try it,'
Say, 'Back off, jack, you know I
just don't buy it.'

RR: I'm the master of televised elocution
Gonna sweep away America's drug
pollution,
Won't be any problem 'cause I got
the solution
Ignore the Fourth Amendment to the
Constitution.

CHORUS:

RR: From your sister Susie to your cousin
Miltie,

You'll all have a chance to prove you're
not guilty.

Any coke or crack or a bit of pot'll
Show up when you do it in this little
bottle.

There's no need for panic, no need for
terror,

There's hardly ever ever any chance of
error,

We know what we're doing, we're the drug
police,

We've got the FBI, we've got the Edwin
Meese.

NR: We're opposed to drugs, that's the
only reason,

It's got nothing to do with the election
season,

But if we figure out a way to seal off
the border,

Just remember we're the party of law and
order.

RR: If the Coast Guard gets you, you go
straight to the slammer,

In New York, in Ohio, or in Alabama,

So clean up your act, and don't try to
be funny,

And don't you ever ask if we'll spend the
money.

CHORUS:

*

I have just learned that today is the 208th anniversary of the birth of Francis
Scott Key. And here I had suspected that Bob Lipton chose 1 August as one of the APA-
Filk collation dates out of respect to our friends in the Craft.

And I hope all the Neo-Pagan readers of APA-Filk had an enjoyable and satisfying
celebration of Lammas, and only regret that we can't celebrate it in the America of
1987 in the same way as it was celebrated in the England of 1100.

*

One venerable source of filksinging in our
society is the journalistic/political "roast".
To the tunes of currently popular songs, sa-
tirical words about prominent political figures
are sung. The verse to the right, to the tune
of "Side by Side", was sung at the expense of
Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, formerly the official
Gridiron Club roast on 21 March 1986 in Wash-
ington. Present were the President, the Vice
President, the Chief Justice, 3 associate Jus-
tices, 7 cabinet officers, and 18 White House
aides. (The story in Newsday of 24 March 1986
did not specify whether Lieutenant Criminal
North was among them.) An Edward Kennedy im-
personator did the verse to the right, to a
Gilbert and Sullivan tune. And Donald Regan
was represented as singing the following
verse to the tune of "My Way":

Oh, we shipped out a barrel of money,
Billions for me and my honey.
So we'll travel along,
Kicking the gong,
Side by side.

looters of the Philippines, at a

My dears, you must take it from me,
That of all the afflictions accurst,
With which you are saddled and
hampered and addled,

The Kennedy name is the worst.

If you wish your career to advance,
Your surname you've got to enhance,
You must stir it and stomp it and
blow your own trumpet

Or, trust me, you haven't a chance.

I learned from the Marines and from a giant corporation
 Just how to take command and how to guide a mighty nation.
 I took the president's hand and modestly - in a shy way -
 I said to Ron, "Just follow Don," - and do it my way.

*

On Saturday 19 April 1986, the folk music magazine Sing Out! celebrated its 35th anniversary with a concert at Town Hall. Pete Seeger, one of the founders of Sing Out!, was one of the performers. Contributors to Sing Out! have included Seeger, Earl Robinson, Josh White, Paul Robeson, and Woody Guthrie.

*

While major names from the folksinging boom of the 1960s are trying to promote a revival, the defenders of the traditional verities are still working at the old stand. One of these is Kay Gardella, the television critic of the New York Daily News, and a woman who apparently still believes, at the bottom of her soul, that the 1950s ~~should've~~ never ended. In her column of 2 December 1985, she unloosed a blast against the Beatles, disguised as a review of the NBC movie John and Yoko: A Love Story. She dismisses it as "protests and public grandstanding". As for Lennon, "his life was colorful because of the turbulent, rebellious period in which he lived, not because he was that interesting as a person...He was a forerunner of an era that has yet to pass." Obviously Gardella is going to do all she can to see that that era passes in no uncertain terms. Lennon's murder, at the hands of the son of a Marine officer, gets less play than do drugs, at which Gardella sneers "It's a great example for young viewers."

*

Bobby Zimmermann of Hibbing, Minnesota has come a long way since he changed his name to "Bob Dylan", recorded protest songs during the 1960s, and then went wandering through various religions in later years. In 1986 he went singing for "Live Aid", a movement which in principle was trying to end the famine in Ethiopia and in practice was acting as the commissary department of the Ethiopian Army. (Newsday, 14 April 1986) In his off hours, he has apparently become a disciple of Rabbi Menachem Schneerson, who to mix metaphors liberally is "the Jewish Pope of Brooklyn." (A brief flurry was caused several years ago when it was discovered that the Lubavitcher sect, which Schneerson heads through having married the daughter of the previous leader, teaches that there is a basic biological difference between Jews and gentiles which is discernible right down to the embryonic level. Jawohl, Adolf.) Once a fundamentalist Christian, Dylan is now listening to Schneerson's hours-long lectures and being very secretive about the whole business. (New York Daily News, 8 June 1986)

But the remnants of the 1960s are still with him. In an interview with Rolling Stone, he criticized "what he described as 'America first' rock stars" and "several major U. S. policies, foreign and domestic." (Newsday, 27 June 1986) He specifically named Bruce Springsteen and John Cougar Mellencamp as "America Firsters". Dylan obviously feels about "Born in the U. S. A." as I did when I put "Corn in the U. S. A." into ANAKREON #31 a year ago.)

(Poor Springsteen is catching it from both sides. Norman Podhoretz sees him as a sort of Woody Guthrie of the 1980s, revving up to join the next great wave of popular protest against the military values which Podhoretz espouses.)

In the New York Daily News of 13 July, David Hinckley sees Dylan as an opportunist, out to carry water on both shoulders if there's money in it. "You want your anti-war statement? 'Masters of War'. You want your justification of war? 'Neighborhood Bully!'. You want your statement of individual responsibility? 'Trust Yourself'. You want your absolution for individual responsibility? 'Only a Pawn in Their Game'."

The reviews of his Madison Square Garden concert of 15 July 1986 were disastrous. Stephen Williams in Newsday of 17 July called it "condescending", and referred to him and Tom Petty in duet as "the Nasal Twins", while "the sadness of 1964 was replaced with the pragmatism of 1986". In the Daily News of 27 July, Billie Spaight called it "a disaster". "What Dylan and Petty produced was not music. It was pure unadulterated noise; it sounded to me like a Grade-B horror movie soundtrack turned up to maximum volume."

His new album Knocked Out Loaded also got knocked. Wayne Robins in Newsday of 1 August 1986 called it "a bizarre and unsatisfactory effort even by Dylan's standards, which have been wildly erratic during the last decade."

*

Springsteen, despite the opposition which some including Dylan see between his musical style and Dylan's, is also taking his lumps. After making all the good war-loving patriots swell with pride, he sang on the anti-apartheid record Sun City "because he was concerned about racism in the United States as well as in South Africa." (Newsday, 9 November 1985) This story quotes Springsteen's "best friend and former guitarist, Little Steven" as saying that "Sun City is one more sign activism is returning to rock music."

James Wolcott, a columnist for Vanity Fair, is not impressed by all this. In its December 1985 issue he condemns Springsteen as "a darling of the city-slick Establishment", a term which by now means anyone who thinks that Oliver North isn't god. The Village Voice's Jack Newfield, who praises Springsteen, is dismissed by Wolcott as "a slut". When Springsteen began singing Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land", Wolcott sneered, "What will he do as a follow-up? Carry the entire Joad family on his back in a remake of The Grapes of Wrath?" And furthermore, "Critics have also fretted over the fact that audiences react to 'Born in the U. S. A.' as a rouser rather than take heed of its whipped-dog lyrics."

(Is he bragging or complaining?)

*

Last November, a conservative Republican incumbent named Mack Mattingly was unseated as Senator from Georgia by a liberal Democrat named Wyche Fowler. One of the factors in Fowler's campaign was the singing of Peter Yarrow and Mary Travers, two thirds of Peter, Paul, and Mary. In the New York Times of 16 October 1986, Phil Gailey suggested the Fowler was taking a risk by hiring these two notorious malcontents, particularly since Fowler was trying to play down his "liberal" image as a Representative from Atlanta in order to appeal to the rest of the state. After all, "the group has performed in Nicaragua, singing the praises of the Sandinista Government, and last July Ms. Travers held a party in New York for Nicaragua's President."

Fowler plays the guitar and sings, and he joined up with Travers and Yarrow during their campaign appearances for him, and the concerts raised a lot of money for the campaign. Some of Fowler's aides were a little nervous about all this, but it turned out all right at the polls.

I recall the summer day in 1948, when Henry Wallace and Senator Glenn Taylor (Dem., Idaho) undertook their splendidly conceived but ill-fated campaign for the presidency on an anti-war ticket. Senator Taylor, a veteran country-western singer, sang his acceptance speech from the floor of the Progressive Party convention in Philadelphia.

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For years comic art aficionados have been aware of the impact of the European graphic novel (*la bande dessinée*) and have wondered what the excitement was all about, but the material remained beyond the American public's grasp. Now The Donning Company/Publishers presents the heroic fantasy adventures of Aria, heroine of a series of Belgian graphic novels, available in English for the first time.

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Michel Weyland was born in Brussels in 1947. He always wanted to draw, but it was not until 1979, when he created Aria, that he became involved with *la bande dessinée*.

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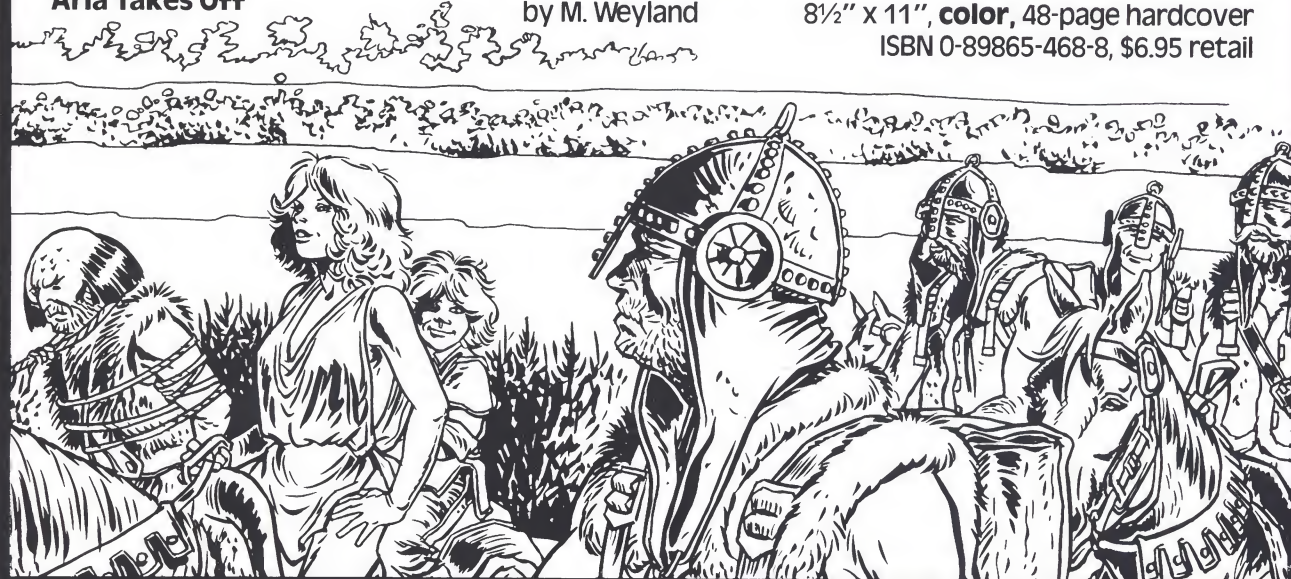
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by M. Weyland

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